The Last Sunset

All this, the reader might suppose, would be true also of any other beautiful place, but there is a special sense in which it is true of Tahiti even now, ten years and more since the Tahiti of which the words were written. But it is not too easy to see for oneself, still less to convey, the reason. If my attempt be over-personal, pardon me*

If you stay in Tahiti a month or six, and have not too thin a purse, and take one of the little villas in the country, you can have a lovely holiday. You can swim and walk and picnic and be idle through languorous days and moonlit nights, and you can probably meet a few ' nice' people like yourself who are doing the same thing. You will take an album full of indifferent photographs and delight in shewing them to your friends for a very long time, the while you dilate upon the charm of the South Seas. You will be genuinely sorry- to go when your month (or six) is up, and

you will lean over the rail as the steamer leaves the quay and say that you must come again. But you will have experienced nothing at all of what I mean.

I expect I am a sentimental fool, or maybe